UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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Two Gleams of a Better Day

By ZONA GALE

Can Capitalism Plan?

By T. RICHARD WITMER

Acidophilus—A Dialogue

By W. FRANK SWIFT

The Subjective State—A Treatise on the Nazi Philosophy

By AUREL KOLNAI

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A New Declaration of Independence

Adopted May 7, 1933, at the New Continental Congress, Washington, D. C.

More than one hundred and fifty years ago our forefathers proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence that the supreme function of government is to make secure for men their inalienable right to life, to liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Moreover, the fathers declared that **"Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to affect their safety and happiness."**

Such are the two basic principles of human liberty and genuine Americanism laid down by the founders of this Republic.

It has now come to pass that there has grown up in this nation a system of business, industry and finance which has enthroned economic kings and financial barons over our lives vastly more powerful, more irresponsible, and more dangerous to human rights than the political kings whom the fathers overthrew in our American revolution of 1776. These economic rulers now have such absolute control over the economic life of the people as to threaten the very foundation of this Republic.

II

Under this system of production for private profit these rulers have created conditions that are intolerable.

They have drawn billions in profit, rent, and interest; and they have slashed our wages and the prices of our farm products.

They have used the marvels of the machine age not to lift the burden of toil from our shoulders, but to speed us up beyond human endurance, and to throw us jobless upon the streets.

They have taken the products of our labor, and not paid us enough to buy back the goods we have produced.

They have wasted our natural, technical, and human resources, and led us into ever more tragic periods of industrial chaos.

They have mortgaged our farms, and then sold them from under us.

They have lived in mansions, and evicted us from our homes.

They have led us to trust in their banks, and then have stolen our savings.

They have invaded our civil liberties, and thrown our leaders into jail.

They have intrenched themselves in power by controlling the schools, the press, and the government.

They have spent billions on bombs and battleships while we have gone cold and hungry.

(Continued on page 228)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXI MONDAY, JUNE 5, 1933 Number 14

A BOOK

He ate and drank the precious words,
His spirit grew robust.
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his frame was dust.

He danced along the dingy days,
And his bequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosened spirit brings!

—*Emily Dickinson.*

Now that weeks have passed and the world has calmed down a bit, we see that the days which witnessed the appeal of President Roosevelt, addressed to the nations of the world, and the speech of Chancellor Hitler, addressed to the German Reichstag, were days of sheer hysteria—such hysteria as we have not known since 1914. It is evident that in the two months following the ascendancy of the Nazis, the brown-shirted leader had gotten on the nerves of mankind to such an extent that when he unexpectedly summoned the dismissed Reichstag for his speech on armaments, we all suddenly "went off our heads." Of course, the situation was serious, tense—our uncontrolled excitement proved that!—but there was nothing to warrant such extravagance of emotion either before or after Hitler had spoken. At both times we were crazy. Thus, in the hectic days before the Chancellor's utterance, we screamed in terrified expectation of a bombastic tirade defying the world, declaring war or preparations for war, announcing the trump of doom. Of course, this fear was purely hysterical. The responsible heads of government, even of the Adolf Hitler type, do not do such things. They may expect war, desire war, plan war, but they never *say* war. Equally ridiculous and insane was the sigh of relief which went up after Hitler had spoken. All was well—the Chancellor was moderate, wanted peace, offered to disarm! But in God's name what else could or would the Chancellor have said, and what shred of evidence is there in the Nazi program or policy which indicates that Hitler has at heart anything which can permanently reassure the world? The fact of the matter is, we all made fools of ourselves during this particular episode which was of no conceivable importance save as a stage performance of the Nazi drama. The European crisis remains exactly what it was. Hitler only said what any half-wit could have prophesied that he would say—and meant not a word of what he said in terms of peace and amity. He is not going to make war today, nor yet keep peace tomorrow. Our business is to recognize realities, refuse to be deceived either in prospect or retrospect, to keep cool.

If anything could redeem the hysteria of those days it was President Roosevelt's noble appeal to the world for peace. It may be worth while to have political and psychological crises come along once in a while if they can stir calm voices of this kind. And not only calm, but strong and brave! We all felt better after Roosevelt spoke, and Hitler himself may well have paused for a moment. But why did everybody agree that the President's message was addressed exclusively to the Nazi leader? What about France and the old Allied powers who were strenuously refusing to cut down their armaments to Germany's level—as they had promised to do years ago in the Versailles Treaty—and at the same time were peremptorily refusing to allow Germany to lift her armaments to the level of the powers, and thus establish equality? Hitler's forthcoming speech may have been the occasion of Roosevelt's utterance, but French policy was surely the cause. And what about Japan—did the President have no thought of Asia as he put pen to paper? And what about the United States? Nothing of all that Roosevelt wrote was quite so significant, to our way of thinking, as his declaration that armed forces of every description should be kept inside frontiers—that crossing the border into a neighbor's territory constitutes aggression. Splendid! But what about the American marines in Haiti at this moment? What about the marines in China? What were we doing in Nicaragua a little while ago? What will we do when the Cuban volcano erupts? We wonder if the President meant all he said—and, in the light of this nation's record, if the other powers will think he meant all he said. This point should be cleared up—especially as the whole tradition of history is on the side of words not meaning what they say when presidents, premiers, foreign secretaries, and diplomats speak them. Meanwhile, another noble document has been added to the record—and the President takes up and carries on the work of peace so well begun by Woodrow Wilson in his League of Nations and by Herbert Hoover in his Pact of Paris.

Senator Borah is inclined to believe that the exchange of missives between the American and the Russian governments on the occasion of President Roosevelt's appeal to the nations of the world for peace was perhaps the most notable achievement of a notable period. We agree! After all the thundering in the index, the European situation remains pretty much what it was as regards armaments, tariffs, and general good or ill feeling. Germany is still demanding equality, and France is refusing such equality on the ground of security—and there you are! But the Russian situation, so central to any improvement of world conditions, has changed very decidedly for the better. The United States, for the first time since the revolution of 1917, actually directed an official communication straight to the government at Moscow. Russia, without any inquiry or sarcasm or innuendo, addressed a similarly official communication straight to the government at Washington. These two governments, in other words, acted exactly like all other governments existing in the world. Each acknowledged the existence of the other, and both transacted business of vital concern to humanity. This may not be "recognition" in the legal sense of the term. There is still no Russian ambassador in Washington and no American ambassador in Moscow, and no treaty has been drawn defining relations between the two countries. But at last the United States has conceded that the Soviet Republic exists, and can be dealt with in the interest of peace and order. Surely the establishment of a real status of recognition cannot now be long delayed. President Roosevelt is to be unreservedly praised for his common-sense and frankness in this matter. Once again he has cut through a mass of red tape, and gone to the heart of things. In the same way is Senator Borah to be praised for pointing out in unmistakable terms the significance of the President's action, and its bearing on the general problem of disarmament and peace. Here, at least, if nowhere else, we are getting on.

People that live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. This is an old adage, not always true, but wholesome all the same. It is entirely proper, indeed inevitable, for Americans to protest against the treatment of the Jews in Germany by the Nazis, but we cannot complain if the Hitlerites receive our sharply worded condemnations with equally sharply worded retorts. Hitler himself has already suggested to us that our treatment of Oriental peoples is quite on a par with Germany's attitude toward the Jews. Indeed, he has been so unkind as to inform us that we are justified in our attitude and course of action! The same principle applies to other matters. The Ku Klux Klan, for example, and the Catholic issue in the Smith campaign in 1928! When we denounce the cruelties of German jails and concentration camps, we might remember our Georgia chain gangs. When we condemn the killing and imprisoning of political opponents, we might recall Mitchell Palmer's "red raids," the incarceration of Mooney and Billings, and the murder of Sacco and Vanzetti. We who permit the continuation of the unspeakable "third degree" in our police stations long after it has been exposed, whose escutcheon is blotted with the record of the burning alive of hundreds of human beings by due process of lynching, yes, we ought at least to temper our criticism of other peoples with due confession of and penitence for our own heinous offenses. The one comfort is that there have always been thousands of Americans who have risen up to expose and denounce our own sins in this country, and to labor, at bitter cost of reputation and ease, to extirpate the evils that have been the scandal of our national life. These Americans have a right to speak, and to teach others to speak, against the Hitler horrors today. And in Germany, we still insist, there must be thousands of men and women who are doing what little they can do under iron tyranny to overcome and end the Nazi madness.

There was only one thing that the Christian churches could do in the face of Hitler's onslaught on the Jews of Germany, and that was to protest—to direct the outraged conscience of mankind against this monstrous violation of love and brotherhood. Have they done this? We have no adequate knowledge which would justify us in attempting to answer this question. Our feeling is that there has been no such outburst of wrath and horror as greeted the Sultan's massacre of the Armenians in the last century, and the Tsar's pogrom against the Jews of Kishineff in the first years of this century. But on the other hand, there has been utterance which at least saves the churches from the reproach of that silence which gives consent. Thus, it did our heart good to see Bishop Manning, of the New York diocese of the Episcopal church, and Bishop McConnell, President of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, speaking in no uncertain terms at the vast Jewish protest meeting in Madison Square Garden. Some weeks later there appeared a noble statement of protest and appeal signed by Harry Emerson Fosdick and some ten other distinguished clerical leaders of the Christian church in its various branches. Some Sundays ago the ministers of Lynn, Massachusetts, by common agreement, preached in denunciation of Hitler and in appeal for relief of the Jews he is oppressing. How many other ministers, in how many other communities, spoke out in this forthright fashion we do not know, but we imagine the total would be impressive. No, the Christian churches of this country have not been without witness in this dread hour. That is, the Protestant churches! Have the Catholic churches also spoken? We should

think that they would be the first, as they know something about persecution and terror themselves. Nor is the memory of Mercier quite dead? The Pope apparently gave little aid and comfort to von Papen on his recent mission to the Vatican. But we wish that the reaction of this great church were not merely negative. We are told that Hitler is a Catholic! Why should this disgrace be allowed?

Marvellous—*marvellous*—are the achievements of the radio! We shall ever remember, as one of the great moments of our life, the fateful instant when the bark of a dog was carried across the Atlantic Ocean. Then there was that memorable occasion when a parachute jumper microphoned his sensations to waiting multitudes of listeners! Periodically everything is silenced while we are invited to give ear to the roar of Niagara Falls. But now the broadcasters are outdoing even themselves. This is the latest stunt of Columbia—to place three singers, the Do Re Mi girls, on top of the highest buildings in New York! One girl will take her stand on the Chrysler building, another will perch on the tower of 40 Wall Street, and the third, of course, will scale the loftiest point of the Empire State building. At a fourth location—namely, the Columbia broadcasting studio—there will be a piano player at his instrument. Each one of the three singers will have ear-phones clamped to her head. Then, at the history-making moment, the pianist in the studio will begin to play, and the girls will attempt to harmonize a song just as though they were huddled together around the piano in the studio. Isn't that wonderful? And if they succeed—well, if they succeed—well, what? That's the question—*What?* What do all these stunts mean, what do they accomplish, what do they prove? One thing conclusively, to our way of thinking! And that is that the greatest invention of the age is, in this country, in the hands of persons who have a mental age of about six years. It seems almost impossible for the radio folk to regard their stupendous mechanism as anything more than an amusing toy. In Europe broadcasting has reached the age of maturity. In America it still remains in the period of juvenility.

Two Gleams of a Better Day

I

In an old letter, written in 1917, I came on this:

"I have just seen a picture. It was a reproduction in a Sunday newspaper. I don't know when anything has stirred me so. It was a long street, of fallen walls and ruined houses. Bodies were strewn all about—bodies of men, of women, of little children. At the street's far end, the figure of Christ was entering and approaching—the face calm, compassionate, looking upon the devastated human beings and homes. It was as if Christ were looking from side to side, looking from fallen figure to figure, and he silent, tragic in his greater understanding of the wrecking and thwarting of more than man knew. In that tranquil, gentle presence, moving in pale light, one saw the whole possibility of life lived by men in peace and outer simplicity and inner power—of life freed from savagery and entering upon its inheritance. One saw the figure of Christ as the moving and tremendous force that it was and is.

"And in the foreground of the picture, from behind a shoulder of ruined wall, crouched and peered a soldier, holding a still-dripping blade, waiting to kill him."

* * *

A United States senator was talking of human relationships:

"There will always be war," said he, "because there will always be causes for war. You cannot do away with those."

Someone said patiently that there are still causes for disagreement among individuals, but that courts of law and measures of equity have been substituted largely for private vengeance. And settlements of private claims and enmities are made by other means than by recourse to fire-arms.

He listened courteously, and repeated in the same tone:

"There will always be war, because there will always be causes for war. You cannot do away with those."

It is an old fallacy, from which it takes the race as a whole a long time to recover.

On the same morning on which there was announced President Roosevelt's magnificent demand of the nations of the world that they disarm, so far as are concerned movements outside their own borders—on that memorable day, May 17, 1933, a Chicago newspaper had for its front page cartoon the following caption:

"Fighting the smoke instead of the fire."

The cartoon showed the figure of a fireman—the "world-peace maker" surrounded by peace pacts and Kellogg pacts, and he turning a hose upon a cloud of black smoke, while below, undisturbed, lay and blazed the city, with its untouched Causes of War.

A complete fallacy. War is not a thing in itself. It is a mode of "settling" social difficulties—though it never really settles anything right. And as a mode of conduct, it can be and will be exchanged for another mode just as soon as man becomes sufficiently civilized to make the substitution.

The expression "If war comes" is the survival

word of a slavish people, who could not control war, but could merely accept it, as they would accept an earthquake. But war is not one of the natural forces. It is not a force at all. It is a mode of conduct—bestial, savage, criminal conduct. And man can modify and alter his modes of conduct—the power to reason and the power of speech are what chiefly distinguish him from the other animals. It is time that men remembered these distinctions and ceased to expect and accept war, as if it were not a kind of behavior absolutely in their own hands.

One wonders how anybody ever talks of anything else!

II

A business man said:

"In our state we are not only unable to foreclose on a farm in less than three years, but this kind of thing is extending itself. They are enacting a law which under certain conditions makes it impossible to collect on a chattel mortgage."

"What conditions?"

"The matter is to go to a judge. And he is to decide whether the borrower or the lender is best able to bear the burden. And how can a man do business under such a law? It will work great injustice . . . ."

It doubtless will work injustices, until it is adjusted to our uses and assimilated by us. But what a thrill there is in it for the future!

For there are always two sets of books—one of law and justice, and one of equity. Everyone who carries on any business transaction is aware of these two sets of books. And according as he inclines to the one or the other entry in his double book-keeping is a being known.

What if "bear ye one another's burdens" is a fact in nature? What if "give him your cloak" is as rigid a convention as the law of hydraulics?

ZONA GALE.

Jottings

The city of Hoboken, New Jersey, voted 110 to 1 in favor of the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. This gives us comfort as a "dry." For we know Hoboken, a social pest hole if there ever was one, and welcome such a community as the model city of the "wets."

Business concerns are raising wages—and advertising the fact with terrific "bally-hoo." At the same time they are discharging employees, just to keep things even—and saying nothing about it. This is deceiving the people, all right, but how is it helping Roosevelt's recovery program?

The new president of Harvard University, we are told, is distinguished "for his researches in oxidation, hemoglobin, and free radicals," in recognition of which he received the Chandler Medal of Columbia University. We are glad to see "radicals" mentioned in this list. We wonder if they are Communists or pacifists, and when and how were they made "free"?

Gandhi, Kagawa, Schweitzer, Grenfell, Jane Addams, Romain Rolland—a world which contains such souls is not yet lost.

Germany was not the first to burn books; nor the first to learn, as she will learn, that ideas are not consumed in flames.

If We Were a Newspaper Editor: (8) *We would have a murder page, just as the papers now have a sports page,* and we would print all murder stories on this page, so that the rest of the paper might be cleared for real news of real importance.

J. H. H.

Words

It is enough, enough, enough and I am weary
of all this fooling and waste of hours:
They talk, talk, but in my brain is reeling
more than I can utter, and I am drunk with thought.

Drunk with the beauty of things I have never seen
and weary of doing the things I have never done,
and around my head is woven a veil of phrases
opaque, where the glimmer of mind is lost in twilight.

For you have heard but you have not understood
and I have understood but cannot speak
words falling, falling like petals from trees
carried unresisting on the storm of your impatience.

Listen to me and I will listen to you
in the silence of two minds that speak together,
in the language of compassionate understanding
when we have known ourselves and forgotten words.

REGINALD A. REYNOLDS.

Mahatma Gandhi

Untouchables came limping in
Where "men of the cloth" condemned their sin.

They wearied every hour of day
With words *about* the Jesus way.

Eloquent, loud repentance pleas
Brought only a few upon their knees.

And then a quiet man arose
In home-spun *khaddar* and meek repose,

In whom that Spirit lived again
Who took His place with sinful men,

Who challenged those who called Him good
With God's immaculate Fatherhood.

The outcasts flocked around his feet;
Their penitence was now complete.

Mahatma Gandhi, Jesus' friend,
We dare not call you "reverend."

LLOYD FRANK MERRELL.

Can Capitalism Plan?

Capitalistic individualism is characterized today by scarcity in the midst of apparent abundance: 300,000,000 bushels of wheat produced which have no market, an oversupply of oil, an unused capacity in the shoe industry of 500 percent conservatively estimated—these and others are familiar illustrations to every reader of the newspapers. Capitalistic individualism is likewise characterized by the recurrence of periods of prosperity and depression, of inflation and deflation, of optimism and panic, of bull markets and bear markets. Criticism and questioning of the system and a general wondering whether such conditions are part and parcel of it or whether they might not be avoided by careful forecasting and planning have risen from observation of these facts.

If we are to try to answer the question of whether capitalism can plan, we must first define our term. Without going into the matter in detail, we can merely call attention to the presence of what seem to us to be three integral parts of our present system—(1) the private ownership of industry, (2) the competitive individualism which, though it is in some instances more a pious wish than an actual fact, is still worshipped by many, (3) profit-seeking—and we shall accordingly define capitalism as that stage in economic development in which individualism in economic affairs is a preeminent virtue recognized, protected, and even required by society; in which this individualism is most fully realized in the private ownership of the means of production; and in which acquisitiveness is a dominant trait of individuals sanctioned both by church and state.

The word "capitalism" is a recent addition to our common vocabulary. But even more recent are those tantalizing words "planning," "control," "rationalization," "regularization," and "stabilization." They represent a reaction to the idea, still held by many people, that nothing short of perfect freedom for everyone in the economic sphere will guarantee a fair standard of living for each and adequate production for the needs of all of society. This idea is itself not very old: One can trace its origin and effective application back only to the time of Adam Smith and perhaps John Locke, not over two hundred years or so at the most. Yet it has already discredited itself quite seriously if not completely. We have discovered that the production of use-values does not always coincide with the production of exchange-values, that the interests of individuals do not always produce what society most needs.

Nor has this criticism of capitalistic individualism for its failure to provide a program of production come entirely from the socialist side. Proposals for a planned economy have come from the head of the General Electric Company in what is now known popularly as the Swope Plan, and from the National Chamber of Commerce. Even the United States Senate, through its Committee on Manufactures, has considered the possibility of a national economic planning council. And Mr. Justice Brandeis, in a dissenting opinion, has given a blessing to an attempt, overruled by the Supreme Court, of one state to bring the ice business under its regulation on the grounds that competition may not be economically sound:

> Increasingly, doubt is expressed whether it is economically wise, or morally right, that men should be permitted to add to the producing facilities of an industry which is already suffering from over-capacity. In justification of that doubt, men point to the excess-capacity of our productive facilities resulting from their vast expansion without corresponding increase in the consumptive capacity of the people. . .
>
> All agree that irregularity in employment—the greatest of our evils—cannot be overcome unless production and consumption are more nearly balanced. Many insist there must be some form of economic control. . .

Even a former President of the United States, provoked by the proposal of so many plans, announced that this country already had a plan—a plan to house the houseless, to feed the hungry, to put the jobless back to work, and so on—the chief feature of which seemed to be that it was a planless plan.

From the liberal side there have also been yearnings after control: George Soule's *A Planned Society* and the National Progressive Conference's report on *Long-Range Planning* are attempts to work out tentative programs to provide a justification for rationalization.

Specifically, one indication of this change in attitude has been the increasingly strong demand of business men and political leaders that the Sherman and Clayton acts be repealed in order that production and prices may be regulated. It is not that these anti-trust acts have ever been popular with big business; it is merely that their opponents have hit on a new tune and have become more vigorous in their denunciation of the law.

Much of this change of attitude has been produced by a realization of the effectiveness of the Russian Five-Year Plan, but much of it has also come from seeing what planning within individual industries has accomplished in spite of the obstacles of an unplanned economic society within which those industries have had to work.

Can capitalism plan? Norman Thomas not long ago expressed himself on this subject in *The New Republic* under the title "Capitalism Will Not Plan," a title which implies that capitalism could plan if it would. The examination of this question, once again, is the purpose of this essay.

Obviously, any plan must take into account every part of our population. The worker must be considered along with the stockholder, the farmer must be included with the city dweller in the scheme, bankrupt industries like the railroads must be provided for so that they do not disrupt its working out, even if their bankruptcy is unforeseen, new inventions and technological changes must be allowed for, seasonal cycles as well as the general business cycle must be smoothed out, and general trends must be looked for in every line. Finally, when all is said and done, the plan, if it is to work successfully, has got to be international in scope, for exports and imports are an important factor in every country including our own.

What the capitalists who propose planning measures apparently do not realize, or realize only imperfectly, is that an effective plan must be more concrete than an aspirational plan such as Mr. Hoover proposed, and that any such plan must in-

evitably involve control of some sort. Perhaps, of course, they realize this, but if so they do not realize that control itself involves a limitation on freedom and profit-making, if only because it is intended to reduce risk and uncertainty. Private property may remain—will remain, if these planners have their way—but the uses of that property in production will necessarily be limited severely.

To explain further: Planning will almost certainly involve the extension of the idea now used in the public utilities to all major businesses, the idea that a certificate of convenience and necessity must be issued before a new person can enter a given field or an old plant can extend its capacity. Unless this is done, we shall continue to have the same conditions against which Mr. Justice Brandeis was arguing—an "excess-capacity of our productive facilities resulting from their vast expansion without corresponding increase in the consumptive capacity of the people." And the requirement of such a certificate of convenience and necessity, or its equivalent, whether issued by a government department or by a consortium of business men, is a limitation on the freedom of anyone with money enough to engage in any business he pleases.

More than this, planning will have to set up some system of regularizing wages, of overcoming seasonal unemployment, of providing against the loss of jobs due to technological improvements, and so on. Any steps in this direction, again, are *per se* going to be restrictions on the economic freedom we so often idolize.

Planning, for the capitalists, must also involve an attempt to guarantee a fair return to every business, supposing as we do that business is to remain under private ownership. The fair return idea, however, operates in two directions—against an excessive return as well as against an inordinately small return, known in the case of the public utilities as a confiscatory return. If such a return can be guaranteed and maintained without much variance, however, it is a question whether it really constitutes profits in the best—or worst—sense of the word. What constitutes profit-seeking is not merely making money, but rather making more money, and as soon as we introduce the adjective "more" we imply that it may be less. If then, there is a guaranteed return it will be more in the nature of interest than of profits, to use the traditional economic terms.

Granting that this analysis is correct, what is left of capitalism? Very little, save the private ownership of property, with even the rights of this property and its uses sharply curtailed. Both profits and freedom are gone, at least in the major fields of business enterprise, and these constitute perhaps two-thirds or more of the bases of capitalism.

Would capitalism accept such a system? Norman Thomas, for the socialists, answers in the negative. And Charles E. Mitchell, erstwhile chairman of the National City Bank of New York, testifying before the Senate Committee on Manufactures, raised his hands in holy horror at the thought of an economic council with any power in its hands:

> We are frankly skeptical that the ideal can be attained. Freedom for the individual to engage in whatever business he chooses and to develop that business in accordance with his talent and judgment is a privilege which all Americans cherish. It involves freedom to make mistakes.
>
> I do not believe that as a practical matter any group of men that could be assembled is wise enough to exercise unlimited dictatorial powers in so complex a field as business. Moreover, anyone who knows the American people must realize that any such invasion by a public authority of the field of private business would be bitterly resented.

Some capitalists and many liberals, dismayed by the prospect of achieving anything approximating a directly planned economy in this country, have turned to the Federal Reserve System as a means of controlling the country's business and thus indirectly rationalizing it. Their watchword has been changed from planning to indirect control. They see the possibility here of retaining freedom for the individual within a general indirect supervision by the bankers through manipulation of their open-market operations and rediscounting policy.

As the Federal Reserve System is at present constituted such a method may be objected to on several grounds: (1) that it does not include a sufficient number of banks to operate effectively, (2) that even if it did, bankers have on the whole been no more public-minded and little more far-sighted than their confreres in business proper, (3) that the means at their disposal have up to now shown less possibility of effective control than was expected when the System was set up. But a more fundamental criticism may be levied against this means of control, even if its technique could be worked out: that it would constitute, in essence, exactly the same sort of thing, even if in another form, as that against which Adam Smith protested so heartily; that it would amount to supervision by public officials of private enterprise, however indirectly; that its intention and its effects, if successful, would constitute a variety of banking mercantilism, subject to the same objections that were directed against mercantilism itself in the latter part of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. This is not to say, nor even to intimate, that planning is undesirable; it is merely to raise the question of whether control and capitalism are compatible.

Does all this mean, then, that capitalism cannot plan, granting again that the foregoing analysis has been correct? Does it mean that the order which has been brought into the steel industry through the Pittsburgh Plus scheme, and partially into the automobile industry through consolidation, cannot be extended further and carried, say, into bituminous coal, oil production, agriculture and the rest of them? Not exactly, but *if capitalism is to plan it must plan not to remain capitalism.* It must plan to become mercantilism if indirect control either through the banking system or through an extension of bounties, subsidies and tariffs is suggested; or industrial Fascism—as we Americans, perhaps incorrectly, understand the term—if business itself is allowed to organize into trusts and cartels and thus control production and prices as well as wages; or socialism or Communism if society directly takes over the productive facilities of the major businesses of the country. In any

case, it cannot remain capitalism as we know it, or like to think of it, for control and planning are inconsistent with freedom and risk. Perhaps we have already gone so far on one of these roads that we must go on, perhaps business is now so powerful that it must either be controlled by the government or control it, perhaps freedom in the economic sphere is already dead and enforced competition an illusion, as many believe. If so, Adam Smith's sort of capitalism is also already dead and we deceive ourselves by calling it by that name.

Troy, New York T. RICHARD WITMER.

Acidophilus

A Dialogue after the Manner of Plato

Persons of the Dialogue:

Socrates—who loves discussion and dislikes action.

Androcles—the liberal; tender-hearted but confused.

Acidophilus—the doctrinaire to whom solutions are easy.

SOC.: What! do you parade within the city with your lion, Androcles?

AND.: Socrates! this is indeed fortunate, for I have sought you in many places.

SOC.: Meeting you alone, O gentle youth, would have given me great joy, but with this strange animal, which glares so fiercely, my pleasure at our meeting is somewhat restrained.

AND.: It was ever your manner to conceal your wisdom under a jest, O noble Socrates, but this is no time for humor. My companion is one Acidophilus whom I have lately rescued from the Athenian guards.

SOC.: I was mistaken. You bring not the lion, but the thorn which you have plucked from the smarting paw of the beast of the law.

AND.: As you will, Socrates. Yet is this man's plight a sore one, and he needs your help.

SOC.: You were ever a helper of the unfortunate, worthy son of a noble father, but know you not that the ill-favored are not pleasing to me, else would I be more contented at home. Know you not also that I am not able to help any man, but only to give aid to those who would help themselves. The young and fair, who are laboring in the pangs of an unborn thought, I can assist to deliver, but this strange companion of yours is neither young nor fair, and appears as though his days of labor were long passed.

ACID.: Not so, Snub-nosed, there are many years of labor in me yet, if the State will provide the work for me to do.

AND.: Curb your speech, Acidophilus, for this is the wise man of whom I have told you. He will help you to replace your erroneous thoughts with reason and understanding.

SOC.: I cannot speak with such as he, Androcles, for the true philosopher should converse only with the good, and where beauty is lacking how can goodness exist?

AND.: Then direct your speech to me, Socrates, for about this man and his like I am much troubled in mind and know not which way to think.

SOC.: From the appeal of one so young and beautiful as you I cannot turn, but favor my whim by having the leonine one seat himself to one-side.

AND.: As you will, Socrates. Sit, Acidophilus.

SOC.: Now, Androcles, tell me of the pangs of travail which you suffer, and it may be, if the god is gracious, I may help you to deliver an offspring of the mind. Speak then and tell me where you found this unpleasing person.

AND.: I had occasion to pass the Senate Hall and being come upon it was much astonished to witness a strife between the guards and a mob of Athenian workmen among whom were sprinkled a goodly number of slaves. Shocked at such lawless disorder in the public places, I hastened to enquire the cause of a bystander. Whereupon I was informed that the mob was an army which called itself "the unemployed" and that it demanded of the Senate both food and money which were to be obtained by increased taxes upon persons of wealth and by a general reduction in the pay of state officials and justices. When the household guards were augmented by the soldiers of the army the mob was subjected to much rough treatment and, indeed, much blood was to be seen on the weapons of the soldiers, until, finally, the mob broke up and fled in disorder. This man, Acidophilus, took refuge behind my cloak and I, being curious to learn more of the affair, drew him into a quiet place to converse with him.

SOC.: And are you now wiser by the conversation?

AND.: I am but the more confused. His story of his miserable condition and the injustice committed against him and his fellows draws my sympathy. Yet does he propound to me, in a most fierce manner, doctrines which are so numerous and new to me that I know not what to think.

SOC.: Your feelings ever outran your reason, gentle Androcles. It is easier to feel than to reason. But who are these unemployed? How say you?

AND.: I knew little of them until this day they were thrust upon me.

SOC.: It is not the way of reason to be concerned in the disputes of the mob with the authority; but as you are troubled it may be possible to derive some understanding from even such a matter. Therefore we are bound to study the subject lest some grain of truth in the doctrines of your new companion should escape us.

AND.: Pray proceed with the study.

SOC.: It shall be done. Be so good as to answer this question, what is the opposite state from the pleasant?

AND.: It would seem to be the unpleasant.

SOC.: You answer well; let us proceed. What would you say was the condition opposing that of lawfulness?

AND.: Unlawfulness to be sure.

SOC.: What is it that stands over against the natural?

AND.: The unnatural?

SOC.: And the real?

AND.: The unreal.

SOC.: And the savory?

AND.: The unsavory.

SOC.: Your answers are models of wise discern-

ment, but give attention to this question and be cautious in your reply: inferring from our previous discoveries as to the relation of the pleasant to the unpleasant, the natural to the unnatural, the real to the unreal, the savory to the unsavory, what would you say was the condition which contrasted with that of the employed?

AND.: I see difficulties in the way of my answering correctly, but I will venture that it is the condition of the unemployed.

SOC.: O, acutely wise one, I see that you are on the path towards the truth. Would you also say that those are the employed who are in employment?

AND.: Such had not occurred to me before and yet I see that you are right.

SOC.: Are not those who are in employment acting in the service of something or some person? Or how say you?

AND.: As you do.

SOC.: Is not the cobbler acting in the service of his customers in the making of shoes?

AND.: He is.

SOC.: And is not the potter acting in the service of the purchaser in the making of bowls?

AND.: True.

SOC.: And the carpenter in the making of wooden implements?

AND.: As you say.

SOC.: May we not say then that the cobbler, the potter, and the carpenter are employed by and in the service of those who need their skills?

AND.: So it would seem.

SOC.: But if there should be too many cobblers, or potters, or carpenters, or if there should be too few persons who need their skills then some of them will lack a function and will thus cease to be employed. Do you agree in this?

AND.: Entirely.

SOC.: If any of these craftsmen so improve their art, by the introduction of finer tools and more subtle instruments, that they can supply the wants of those who need their work and yet have much left over for which there is no want, then these craftsmen will cease to have need to practice their art until the want become again apparent. Will not such be unemployed?

AND.: Perfectly right.

SOC.: We are hot upon the trail. Let us not give up until our quarry is traced to his lair. Perhaps, however, you think we should push on to a rapid solution of our problem?

AND.: By no means, Socrates, I think that we should turn aside from nothing that might help us. Proceed by whatever path and at whatever length you may desire, for I am young and have many years ahead of me.

SOC.: Be it as you say, Androcles. From what we have said thus far, would the statement that the unemployed man is one who is able and willing to render service but who is unable to find a need for his services seem accurate to you?

AND.: Such a statement would seem close to the truth.

SOC.: Your answers have been most wise, Androcles, pray continue in the same manner and tell me whether it is not so that in the animal world there are two of every kind, the male and the female?

AND.: It is assuredly so.

SOC.: Does it not therefore seem probable that in the realm of unemployment there should also be two kinds?

AND.: It seems strongly to point that way.

SOC.: Is the vine-tender employed in picking grapes when the vine is barely yet in leaf?

AND.: Certainly not.

SOC.: And is the oyster-gatherer employed in gathering oysters in the months which . . .

(*Socrates discusses seasonal, casual, and permanent unemployment for a good two hours, until Acidophilus, who also likes to talk, grows impatient.*)

SOC.: If now, Androcles, you are clear in your mind as to the different types of unemployment, we might next turn to a consideration of that which usually accompanies unemployment, namely, hunger. Now hunger is of various kinds. There is first the hunger which. . . .

ACID.: Fair youth, I have listened to your conversation with this man of wisdom and am much wearied by it. To me there seems to be more words than wisdom in him. To anyone who knows this city it is clear that Athens is in a bad way. Things are going to the dogs, while the wisemen sit apart to discuss the practicality of the unpractical, and the unobviousness of the obvious. The workless are being turned from their homes and fill the streets clamoring for bread. The Senate seeks to solve all by offering a sacrifice to Dionysius. The Peloponnesian Wars spoilt our trade with the barbarians. Our craftsmen are idle because there is no market for what they make. All things may be bought for little, yet is there not the little needed for the buying. Furthermore, there are some men who made much money during the war and after it and these have purchased better tools and implements so that they can reduce the number of their artisans. Though the people own nothing, not even themselves, there are a few usurers and merchants of the oligarchy who possess all things and, though they stagger under the load of their wealth, are not content but desire to take even more unto themselves. There is but one remedy for all this and that is the overthrow of those in Athens who now oppress the people and the establishment in their place of those who are now oppressed. The people are slow to awaken, but their hour is at hand. When the People's State is set up there will be work for all and all will have to work.

SOC.: To all questions your fiery friend has complete and final answers. Is your soul now at rest, Androcles?

AND.: He speaks too easily, yet am I curious about his ideas. Tell me, Acidophilus, how will poverty be abolished when the people come to power?

ACID.: The amassing of great riches by the few will be made impossible, and when each receives according to his labor none will want.

AND.: But will there not be always some who cannot labor because of sickness or injury or infirmity?

ACID.: Such will be provided for by the State.

AND.: And what of those who by reason of drought, or flood, or changing seasons cannot work all the time?

ACID.: In such seasons workers will be transferred to other employment, for the production of goods will be controlled according to the demand.

AND.: What! will the workers be taken away from their homes?

ACID.: They will not be taken from their homes for they will have none. The workers will eat in the Communal Halls and sleep in the barracks provided for that purpose, for you must know that in the People's State private hearths, which separate people into little groups and divide the mass, will be discouraged.

AND.: But if everyone is made to work, even the rich and idle, will not too many workers be thus created, and there be greater unemployment than before?

ACID.: Not so, for, in the first place, the People's State will so control the breeding of workers that the supply will always equal the demand, and, in the second place, the number of hours of work will be so adjusted from time to time that men will work only according as the market needs their product.

SOC.: You seem fascinated by your lion's growling, Androcles. Do you look him in the eye?

AND.: I am much puzzled by a remembrance I have, Socrates. This man's words remind me strangely of a conversation I had recently with the brothers Glaucon and Adeimantus when they reported to me a discourse they had with you concerning the perfect state.

SOC.: Wherefore are you puzzled, innocent Androcles?

AND.: If the words of this man sound so like your own, Socrates, I am at a loss to know whether he reported you or you he.

SOC.: These ideas may be neither his nor mine, but be older than us both.

AND.: In this perfect State, Socrates, what will be the place of the beautiful and the true?

SOC.: Speak, Acidophilus! What of truth?

ACID.: There will be security.

AND.: What of the beautiful?

ACID.: There will be solidarity.

AND.: I cherish freedom. What of freedom?

ACID.: There will be as little freedom in the People's State as there is in the present state, except that there will be no talk of freedom.

AND.: You speak as one to whom all things are simple. In my own confusion I envy you. Tell me, Acidophilus, what will be the place of the philosopher in the People's State?

ACID.: In the People's State, anxious youth, will only be allowed those whose mind is used in the service of the hands. For those who talk without doing, and those who teach without having done what they would teach, there will be no place. Those who spin with words only make webs to ensnare the practical mind, and those who hinder the workers and lure them from their proper tasks will be banished from the state.

AND.: O Socrates, would that my reason were not in conflict with my heart. I yearn to help this man and his kind in their pitiable and unjust condition, yet can I not go with him along the way he points. Much in his People's State seems excellent, some things better than exist now, but those things most dear to me, as beauty, truth, freedom, solitude, selfhood, contemplation, they seem not to be there. I am torn and unhappy. I would help him, but not in his way. Furthermore, he holds me in contempt.

SOC.: Is your People's State to be found anywhere on earth, Acidophilus?

ACID.: There is Sparta.

SOC.: Would you be a Spartan, Androcles?

AND.: The gods forbid! Where did you place the perfect city, Socrates?

SOC.: I placed it in the heavens, which is its proper place, that he who wished might behold it from the earth. That which is perfect must be set in the sky where the wise may consider it, and what are its excellences and what are its faults may be seen from below. The good and the beautiful are to be held in contemplation. When the lovers of wisdom gather to converse the truth may be glimpsed in their midst. Whether these things exist or can exist in the world is immaterial.

ACID.: I have not eaten and am hungry.

SOC.: The sun is already setting and we must part. I go fearfully towards home for it was only by stealth that I made my escape this morning. I fear you have not gained much by our conversation, Androcles.

AND.: Indeed, Socrates, you are wrong in this for I am much calmer now—perhaps I am tired. Yet stay a moment while I put one more question to you.

SOC.: Be brief for the shadows lengthen. On another occasion we might continue this matter.

AND.: Should I give to this man a trifle of money that he may appease his hunger and sleep in comfort tonight?

SOC.: Give him a trifle, liberal Androcles, and to all others who beg alms from you give money. In so doing you will enable the philosophers to continue long in Athens. Farewell!

W. FRANK SWIFT

The Subjective State

A Treatise on the Nazi Philosophy

Politically and spiritually, the Nazis have attained the absolute mastery of Germany. Even the control of economic affairs by the Hugenberg, Papen and Seldte clan is scarcely as much as a concession granted by the Nazis to their Conservative allies (or, rather, prisoners), since the Nazis themselves never had a definite economic program of their own. Moreover, it seems possible that they will actually try to reform Capitalism, superseding it by what they call Socialism in the "German" or "National" sense, which would mean a social order where freedom and economic self-government is eliminated more completely than in old-fashioned Capitalism.

Now, if throughout the world there are still some who fail to understand the essence of the spirit professed by the German Neo-Nationalists, Fascists and Racists, which has become so far the "total" spirit of their country, it is really not the Nazi's fault. They never omit an opportunity to proclaim their creed. The Chancellor, Hitler, and the prominent Ministers of his Cabinet, such as Goering and Goebbels, are far from being reticent about the very roots of the trend they impose upon their nation. Let us listen to words recently uttered by each of those three protagonists, forming a harmonious unit.

Hitler in his Reichstag speech (resembling rather

a Prussian General's allocution to his troops) announced that all "high treason"—a term which also covers every possible, however theoretical, kind of Pacifism—should be "barbarously repressed" by the Government; a confession obviously free from the vice of exaggeration. Former governments may have often acted in what might be termed a barbarous way; but never a statesman of the older schools, reactionary or not, would have declared himself in favor of "barbarous" behavior in whatever resort. The new Chancellor, in using such language, reveals a courage hitherto unknown which one may abhor but which one is bound to admire—in a way disconnected with moral valuation. On that occasion the Chancellor also announced that there was liberty to criticize the Government, but only for persons who "stand for Germany." As hardly any German citizen would disclaim "standing for Germany," the real sense of that classification cannot be but that only such persons are at liberty to criticize the Government as also support the Government, a restriction that makes the right to criticism nearly problematic. (In an official publication anent the future lot of the Jews in Germany,—a question with which we are not now dealing,—we find the still more unmistakable wording: "The future lot of the Jews, *as indeed of any other citizen,* will depend on their attitude to the National Government.")

Herr Goebbels, presiding over the newly created "ministry for the enlightenment of the people," a daring title liable to evoke unseasonable associations, says in his address to the representatives of the Cinema branch:

> It will not do to interlard the cinema production with some Nationalist details, and as for the rest, to maintain the notion that the department of culture is beyond party tendencies. Let us not foster illusions. Nothing is beyond party tendencies; everything is the expression of a trend of will, of a tendency.

Men will not be allowed to be what the Neo-nationalist slang calls *auch-national.* They will not be allowed to take a breath that does not exhibit a National tinge and is not apt to reveal adherence to the National Government. That ideal of culture is absolutely opposed to ours and very different from those which we have hitherto seen working. But then the Nationalist upheaval calls itself a National Revolution, and we must take it that such a Revolution is going on.

Herr Goering, being in the command of the Prussian police, made a speech even more significant:

> Atrocities may be deplorable, but I am not going to disavow the deeds of the National fighters. The duty of the police does not consist in protecting scoundrels, usurers, and traitors. Some critics are crying for objective justice. Thanks be to God that He has not endowed me with a sense of objectivity of that kind. *I am subjective. I take my stand by my people; everything save that I reject.* Those who claim for justice may get it some day; yet it will be a justice which is not laid down in the paragraphs, but written in the stars.

In that document we see the spiritual Magna Charta of the "National Revolution." To add anything to it is to weaken its impression; nevertheless, it is our business to comment upon it. In former days it was believed that the duty of the police did indeed consist in protecting everybody against aggressors, without examining the moral, far less the national, qualifications of the attacked. Now we learn that scoundrels, i. e., people supposed to be such, are not entitled to police protection. The same thing applies to "traitors," i. e., people who cling to criminal ideas like "Europe" or "peace." Objective justice has seemed for a long time self-evident. A representative of the State repudiating it, and publishing his being subjective, appears to be something unheard of. Today we are witnesses of such a phenomenon. The very essence of State order and power we have thought to be deeply and inseparably connected with a position above the conflicting groups, with the equal consideration of divergent interests that is the soul of objectivity; but that is, in a word, out of fashion. We never doubted that a man had to take into account many things besides his own people; that there was, for instance, a non-National God, and a universal divine law, absolutely beyond one's own people as well as beyond any other people; that, consequently, there were many important relations among men, entirely independent of any people's interest or "peculiar style of living." We are very impressively told to doubt it now. It has, furthermore, never been a secret that the justice of the paragraphs is neither fully pure nor quite exhaustive; it being, however, rather the poets and philosophers than the Police Ministers whose job was to emphasize that truism. The technical apparatus of justice used to be moved by the justice of the paragraphs, not of the stars. But it is more important to notice that, however far the justice of the paragraphs pretended to be objective, the justice of the stars was always supposed to be even more so.

In the main, we do not hesitate to emphasize that the Nationalist philosophy is wrong down to its roots. The State is essentially objective, even the State warped by Nationalism, so long as it is still a State. Even Goering's policemen still in many cases protect the peaceful citizen against the burglar, without comparing the racial values or the political reliableness of the two. The Subjective State is not a "strong State," but indeed a Subjected State, subjugated by a league of outrageous knight-errants foreign of the moral idea of the State. It is a maimed State, subservient to anarchical forces whose lordship is inconsistent with a real perfection of the State in its own line.

The picture does not become less terrific if we pass on to envisage the position of religious factors. Catholicism has practically given up resistance and claims to "coöperate" with the "young National Germany," though in some respects trying to mitigate exuberances and struggling to preserve a certain spiritual independence and to avoid being simply melted into the wave of "National" thinking. If Catholicism fails to gratify optimistic expectations, Protestanism of the actual German kind is about to verify the worst misgivings. The Church party of the "German Christians," who are said to represent no less than one-fourth of the Protestant believers—the more active younger elements of course—propose to reconstruct the Church entirely on Nationalist lines, as a mere ideological instrument of National policy. They claim the right of rebelling against any Church authority which is slack in National matters, and to revise even the dogmas of the Christian Faith from the German National point of view. Nobody who is not of "pure Germanic blood" is to be allowed to hold an office in the hierarchy of the Church. So the founder of the Christian Faith, as well as his Apostles, would be mercilessly rejected by that advanced kind of Christians. While the Lutheran tradition of spiritual freedom has gone into utter decay, the dangerous turn of Lutheran theology concerning the neglect of moral rules in favor of "*Sola Fides*" and the moral omnipo-

tence of secular authorities threatens to become the only meaning of Christianity. The "Subjective State" —decked with Christian emblems! The blasphemous idea of Immoralist Religion is lurking about, soiling religion a thousand times more than Bolshevik Atheism; Christianity turned into demonism, as proclaimed by Wilhelm Stapel, the newest and most fashionable philosopher of Prussian *"Weltanschauung."*

AUREL KOLNAI.

Vienna, Austria

The Study Table

What Does Life Mean?

The structure of this book* is unique. Instead of giving a reasoned argumentation of his own, Durant calls to his aid many contributors, whom he has asked to give their views on the meaning of life. In his letter to his would-be helpers he says, "Dear ———, Will you interrupt your work for a moment and play the game of philosophy with me?" Then follows the definite thing he wants them to do, namely to answer the question, What is the meaning or worth of life? One sentence is especially significant.

The result (of modern theorizing) has been a kind of intellectual suicide; thought, by its very development, seems to have destroyed the value and significance of life. We are driven to conclude that the greatest mistake in human history was the discovery of "truth."

Then in his own brief summary of the situation he points out how in every line of intellectual advance, religion, science, history, etc., he concludes that "to discover truth is to discover futility."

The greatest question of our time is not communism vs. individualism, not Europe vs. America, not even the East vs. the West; it is whether men can bear to live without God.

So at considerable length the author sets forth in his own opening essay the case for pessimism, not necessarily as defining his own deliberate convictions, but rather as positing certain conclusions to which thousands of intellectual persons are coming in this troubled era.

The letter was sent to a hundred or more men and women in contemporary life, very many of whom responded with cordial frankness. First come men of letters, Dreiser, Mencken, *et al.* Mencken's letter our author considers among the best received. "It is doubtful if we shall find in all our batch of answers a reply so straightforward as this." Here are some sentences which show the drift of the letter.

I go on working for the same reason that a hen goes on laying eggs. Next to agreeable work ——— I put ——— the domestic affections. As for religion, I am quite devoid of it. The act of worship, as carried on by Christians seems to me to be debasing rather than ennobling. I do not believe in immortality and have no desire for it.

Then follows Sinclair Lewis. All three of these replies "take mechanism or materialism for granted," says Durant, adding, "this is the secret base upon which the most characteristic achievements of contemporary literature are built."

But then follow some men who take a very different attitude, John Erskine, Charles Beard, Edwin Arlington Robinson, who says among much else that is fine and like him,

The cocksureness of the modern "mechanist" means nothing to me, and I doubt if it means much more to him when he pauses really to think. His position is not entirely unlike that of an intrepid explorer standing on a promontory in a fog, looking through the newest thing in the way of glasses for an ocean that he cannot see, and shouting to his mechanistic friends that he has found the end of the world.

Then after some others too numerous to be quoted, Adolph S. Ochs says,

My Jewish home life and religion gave me a spiritual uplift and a sense of responsibility to my subconscious better self—which I think is the God within me, the Unknowable, the Inexplicable. This makes me believe I am more than animal, and that this life cannot be the end of our spiritual nature.

Then from India and Jawaharlal Nehru, lieutenant of Gandhi,

It was in action that I found this, action on behalf of a great cause which I held dear. Ever since then I have used all my strength in battling for this cause and the recompense I have had has strengthened me, for the reward has been a fuller life with a new meaning and a purpose to it.

Gandhi himself says in part,

Life for me is real as I believe it to be a spark of the Divine. Striving for full realization keeps me going. My consolation and my happiness are to be found in service of all that lives. My treasure lies in battling against darkness and all forces of evil.

And John Haynes Holmes, who has given more extended expression in his published sermon, "What keeps me going."

Something within me which burns like a consuming flame when I see falsehood, hypocrisy, injustice, and evil-doing; something within me that pulls like the attraction of love when I catch a glimpse of what this world might be, and may yet be if we try hard enough. I think it is the sense of my creative capacity, matching however microscopically the creative capacity at the heart of the universe, that gives me strength to live.

Abbe Dimnet in a somewhat extended letter says in one place:

I am afraid you have been a Fundamentalist in science. Hence your pessimism. You should have been on your guard against incomplete data, against tentative systems. You should never have called science truth, as you seem to do in your letter. Your scientific certainties bred pessimism; more mistrust would have saved some hope and there is no hope without an admixture of faith.

Wise words indeed.

Three women are introduced, the first of whom, Miss Woolley, of Mt. Holyoke College, says,

I cannot quite understand how a human being can face life without a belief in a Supreme Power, a Personality with whom communion can be a real thing. My creed is a simple one, with little theology embodied in it. Jesus Christ is to me the supreme revelation of Love and so of God, and His life an inspiration showing how a human life may be lived in kind if not in degree. And after much more, So I come back to religion as that which keeps me going!

Helen Wills Moody seems to find the secret spring which keeps her going in an unconquerable "restlessness." It keeps her going through a long, but very interesting letter, and two postscripts, also interesting.

Among the "skeptics," Bertrand Russell says:

I am sorry to say that at the moment I am so busy as to be convinced that life has no meaning at all. I do not see that we can judge what would be the result of the discovery of truth, since none has ever been discovered.

Count Keyserling,

I prefer (when stating his ideas) using my own setting to providing material for the book of another author.

Durant comments,

An honest man who does not care to add to another man's royalties.

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*"On the Meaning of Life," Will Durant. Published by Ray Long and Richard R. Smith.

Bernard Shaw says,

How the devil do I know? Has the question itself any meaning?

And then having finished with his correspondents, the author takes a hand himself. His line is couched in the form of a letter to a would-be suicide.

It is hardly likely that we have personal immortal souls; but it is even less likely that we are machines mechanically mourning for our mechanism. The simplest meaning of life then is joy, the exhilaration of experience itself, of physical well-being: sheer satisfaction of muscle and sense, of palate and ear and eye. To give life a meaning one must have a purpose larger than one's self, and more enduring than one's life. This then I should say is the road to significance and content; join a whole and work for it with all your body and mind. The secret of significance and content is to have a task which consumes all one's energies, and makes human life a little richer than before.

But this is precisely what twelve millions of our fellow-countrymen are not allowed to do at the present time; What of them? Mr. Durant confesses that he cannot at all accept the creeds which he was brought up in, but also confesses that he would be grateful to any one who could persuade him that they were true.

What God means to me is the First Cause, or source of all life and energy, in which we live and move and have our being; and the Final Cause, or goal and embodiment of our striving and aspiration, that distant perfection which is not, but may be. Perhaps that greatest Whole to which in all generations the greatest souls have devoted themselves, will, in tomorrow's religion, be called God.

Finally he says to his would-be suicide friend,

Come and spend an hour with me, and I will show you a path through the woods which will better dissuade you from surrender than all the arguments of my books. Come and tell me what a childish optimist I am; lay about you freely, and damn this middling world as you will; I shall agree with everything but your conclusion. Then we shall eat the bread of peace together, and let the prattle of children restore our youth.

So ends an interesting and stimulating symposium.

JAMES A. FAIRLEY.

War Against Agencies of Disease

In a recent symposium, J. B. S. Haldane called for "preparations for the next world war—a war against the agencies of disease." If the nations ever become sufficiently civilized actually to wage that warfare, among the prominent enemies will be "man's chief competitors," the insects. And among the generals of the army will undoubtedly be Dr. Howard, dean of American economic entomologists, for over half a century connected with the Bureau of Entomology at Washington, and for thirty-three of those years head of the Bureau.

Dr. Howard, in spite of his age, will not be difficult, one imagines, to call back into the service, for even since his retirement he seems to have spent a postman's holiday, attending entomological congresses and working on this combination* of autobiography and history of economic entomology in his time. The applied study of insects may be roughly divided into three categories—the destruction of insects harmful to agriculture (largely, at present, by the use of other insect parasites); the suppression of disease-carrying insects, such as house-flies and mosquitoes; and the protection and development of the few useful insects, like bees and the Smyrna fig insect. In all of these divisions Dr. Howard has been active, both in personal research and through the organization of his governmental department; for his work in the first named category, he received in 1931 the coveted Capper Award. Some idea of the scope of the economic entomologist's investigation may be gained from the following summary of the study of the hop plant-louse, which breeds on plum trees and at one time bade fair to ruin the pre-prohibition hop crop of the United States:

The winter eggs of the plant-louse are laid upon the plum in the autumn. In the spring they hatch, and there comes forth a generation of wingless virgin females but no males. These females are called the stem mothers They give birth to living young that feed upon the sap of the plum leaves. Growth is very rapid and there soon develops a generation of virgin females that are winged. By that time the hop-crop has been planted, and all of this new winged generation fly to the hop (deserting the plum) and give birth parthenogenetically to successive generations of wingless females, all feeding upon the hop leaves and frequently blighting the crop. Then, about the time of hop-picking, a winged generation (all females) comes forth and flies back to the plum trees. From these comes a generation composed of both males and females, and from this generation comes the winter egg on the plum.

It is such accounts that give this book its scientific value; what gives it its very real charm is the personality of the author, a friendly and companionable soul, who loves to reminisce of his friends of the past and present, most of them then or later eminent scientists. "An entomologist is not necessarily a confounded crank," he remarks; and goes on to prove it by page after page of delightfully humorous stories. No one can read "Fighting the Insects" and remain in the belief that distinguished scientists are not human beings as well. Dr. Howard has always liked people, and people in consequence have liked him; he has had a full, varied, and honored life, and has garnered thrills and laughter all along the way, which he distributes with a free hand in this delightful volume. The result is a sugar-coated pill which one swallows with great pleasure, only to find in the end that one has meanwhile devoured large amounts of perhaps otherwise unpalatable information on a new and economically important branch of biology. MAYNARD SHIPLEY.

*"Fighting the Insects: the Story of an Entomologist." By L. O. Howard. Published by the Macmillan Company, $2.50.

The Great John D.

Cryptic as Cagliostro, enigmatic as Appollonius of Tyana, inscrutable as the Sphynx of Luxor—despite the creation of a whole literature around him, all these images are applicable to John D. Rockefeller, whose prose portrait, in strokes at once short and staccato, Mr. Flynn* addresses himself to painting. The portrait, pursuant to its author's declaration, is done on a colossal canvas.

For Mr. Rockefeller's sitting (dynamic and dimensional) is taken against a background of American industry from 1832-1932. At the beck of its pious prestidigitator, across those motley mazes, the titan of oil takes its way, trampling the pigmies of competition beneath its cruel feet, hammering the chaos of a post-Civil War world into the massive consolidations of an ingot empire. Around this stalking figure eddy all the other energies which—sometimes spared Rockefeller's strokes, but always feeling his fecund force—created from the coy little candlelight America of the 1830's the enormous lurid electric light America of the 1930's, A tangled tale, containing many cross-currents: but Mr. Flynn draws it (with a certain inevitable irony) very well indeed.

Suddenly, an apotheosis, the picture shifts. And we behold triumphant the Frankenstein of modern

*"God's Gold: the Story of Rockefeller and His Times." By John T. Flynn. Published by Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

mass monopoly, his arms akimbo, his metallic mail glinting oil at every greave, his brazen feet widespread upon the ruins of small business; but, above him and beyond him—a magician in repose undaunted by his awesome creation—the yet more merciless figure of his astute Scotch master. R. C. SCHALLER.

Correspondence

Military Expenditures and Relief

Editor of UNITY:

Frequently nowadays the amount of a billion dollars is mentioned, or half a billion, or even two or three billion, as needed for some specific governmental project. Since the World War, whose cost to the world has been reckoned at anywhere from $300,000,000,000 to $500,000,000,000, estimates of budgets for governments in amounts of a billion or more dollars trip lightly off the tongue.

But how many persons have an adequate idea of how much a billion really is? It is an indisputable fact that a billion is so vast a sum that to comprehend it is well-nigh impossible. The following illustration will enable one to realize its immensity.

Suppose at the first moment of the year 1 A. D. that a person had thrown a silver dollar on a certain spot as the beginning of a pile to consist of one billion dollars. And suppose that a dollar had been added to that every minute, day and night, year after year, till the billion mark were reached. How long—how many years—would it have taken to complete the pile as desired? It may astonish the reader to know that the amount would not have been reached at the beginning of this century! Reckon it for yourself.

Now for a few pertinent facts. During all this dreadful depression our government has spent $2,000,000 every day on merely the upkeep of army and navy, practically three-quarters of a billion *every year*. The full amount of military expenditures reached $2,770,617,555 in 1932, while the total government income was $2,121,208,006, nearly two-thirds of a billion less than was disbursed for military purposes! How's that for a nation's housekeeping? And all this time thousands of persons—even hundreds of thousands—hungry and homeless in our land of plenty, their number continually increasing!

I do not know just how much target practice by big guns is carried on during the time of truce between wars, but I do know that millions of hard-earned dollars paid over to the Federal government by tax-payers go up in smoke in such practice yearly, for it is a fact that, with 9-inch guns:

"Whether your shell hits the target or not,
Your cost is Five Hundred Dollars a shot.
You think of noise and flame and power,
We feed you a hundred barrels of flour
Each time you roar. Your flame is fed
With twenty thousand loaves of bread.
Silence! A million hungry men
Seek bread to fill their mouths again."

And children, thousands of them, whose future vigorous health and skilled work should be a big asset to our nation, are suffering from mal-nutrition from whose effects the best authorities declare the victims will never fully recover. So they will later become burdens on the communities to which they might have added prosperity and power! Is it not a strange and anomalous circumstance that governments—our own included—are willing to neglect the well-being of those who should become builders of prosperity for their nation, and literally to throw away an enormous per cent of their incomes on instruments intended to destroy human life—the most precious thing in the world?

In his essay on "War," Emerson has written a scathing denunciation of warfare, saying: "It is the ignorant and childish part of mankind that is the fighting part. . . . Nothing is plainer than that the sympathy with war is a juvenile and temporary state. . . ." It is full time for us to give thought to the question of why so many in this advanced age who have reached the size and the years of maturity retain the outlook of ignorant, undeveloped childhood on warfare.

That plans for the appropriation of several billion dollars for relief of suffering for employment of the jobless, and other constructive projects are now under way is the most hopeful sign in this period of distress. Perhaps the lesson has been learned after all that the preservation of human life will be far more efficacious in preserving and maintaining prosperity than its destruction.

LYDIA G. WENTWORTH.

Brookline, Mass.

Inflation and the Dollar

Editor of UNITY:

In your remarks about the futility of inflation and the need of a dollar whose value can be anticipated you may be reflecting, unconsciously, a metropolitan viewpoint that originates with that discredited class, the banking wiseacres.

Inflation cannot be analyzed at present without due reference to the fact that we are at the end of a cruel and drastic period of deflation—probably started for selfish and speculative reasons. It was a course which proved self accelerating, got completely out of hand and brought ruin even to its sponsors. It has bankrupted public treasuries and threatens poverty to home owners everywhere. I do not recall any pleas for a stable dollar from UNITY during the deflationary process, but now that a determined, if unsystematic, effort is being made to reflate to something approaching the dollar value on which frozen debts were contracted, you point to dollar juggling as a fallacious remedy.

Of course a stable dollar will do a great deal to prevent future depressions, but this does not mean a gold standard dollar. Gold has proven to be one of the most violently fluctuating of commodities. The ill advised demand of America that foreign debts be paid in gold contributed to a rocketing of gold values that was a major factor in the depression.

It seems comparatively simple to base the dollar on a predetermined average of the commodity index and revalue it in gold as often as gold fluctuation made it advisable. Gold could then gyrate without seriously affecting values of more important things which we eat, wear and live in. As an immediate prosperity measure nothing is more important than a considerable process of reflation. Things that I hear from day to day of improved conditions in this city, with increasing pay rolls lead me to think it is not proving a disappointment.

H. P. BOYNTON.

Cleveland, Ohio.

An Appeal for Books

Editor of UNITY:

As we begin the second year's work at Highlander Folk School, Monteagle, Tennessee, we find ourselves in need of more books.

This is the only school in the South devoted to the training of native leadership for labor and rural cooperative movements. This year we have furnished leadership in the South's most important mining strike at Wilder, Tennessee: uncovering new facts, furnishing relief, and preventing open warfare. Our students and teachers are giving full time service to the labor cause in the South, all without salaries. We charge no tuition or other fees. Our living comes from a small farm. All our work is done cooperatively.

So we must look to interested friends for books. Just now we need the best works on Economics, Sociology, Religion, labor history and tactics, and the important political and social movements of our day. Also for our community classes and library we need many more books of general literature, from the classics to the latest fiction and juveniles. Books placed in our school will be used constantly and creatively. Reinhold Niebuhr said in a recent editorial: "No worthier cause exists to claim the support of those who believe in labor education."

Our board of advisors includes Norman Thomas, Sherwood Eddy, Reinhold Niebuhr, Arthur L. Swift, George S. Counts, and Alva W. Taylor.

MILES HORTON, *Director.*

Highlander Folk School,
Monteagle, Tennessee.

The Field

(Continued from page 214)

They have forced us to bleed and die in defense of their loans and markets abroad, and to kill our fellow workers in other countries.

They have done these things as part and parcel of a profit system which places the few in control of gigantic monopolies, and puts profit above human life.

Since the first Declaration of Independence the American people have discovered and created the means for unheard-of wealth. Wide rivers have been tamed to provide electric power, huge mountains have been tunneled to give ore for the creation of new and marvelous machines, and the prairies have been made to yield rich crops. Man's power to produce wealth has been increased a hundredfold, until now a life of security and abundance is possible for all.

But today the nation starves in the midst of plenty. The gigantic machines stand idle, the crops lie in warehouses or rot in fields.

III

The system is collapsing before our very eyes. It is destroying itself with a destruction that threatens the historic gains of human rights and the achievements of human civilization. It is for us, workers and farmers of America, to build now a new economic system of justice and freedom. Only through our organized power can mankind be freed from the crushing and needless bonds of poverty and insecurity.

We, the representatives of workers' and farmers' organizations, in Continental Congress assembled, call upon all those who toil to organize to achieve one supreme aim, a new economic system based upon the principles of cooperation, public ownership and democratic management, in which the planlessness, the waste, and the exploitation of our present order shall be eliminated and in which the natural resources and the basic industries of the country shall be planned and operated for the common good.

Farmers and workers of America! The wealth and knowledge of one hundred and fifty years of achievement are at our command if we will organize for power. We shall not starve in the midst of plenty! We are the majority. Workers and farmers everywhere, unite! Agitate, educate, organize! We have a world to win!

Drink has drained more blood,
Hung more crepe,
Sold more homes,
Plunged more people into bankruptcy,
Armed more villians,
Slain more children,
Snapped more wedding rings,
Defiled more innocence,
Blinded more eyes,
Dethroned more reason,
Wrecked more manhood,
Dishonored more womanhood,
Broken more hearts,
Blasted more lives,
Driven more to suicide,
And dug more graves
Than any other poisoned scourge that ever swept its death-dealing waves across the world.

—Evangeline Booth, Commander Salvation Army.

Mr. Holmes Writes a Play

The Theatre Guild of New York, the leading producing company of the country, has announced the forthcoming production of a new play, entitled "The Purple Testament," by John Haynes Holmes and Reginald Lawrence. The play is included in the Theatre Guild's list of plays for the new season 1933-34, and production is planned for this coming fall. "The Purple Testament" is Mr. Holmes's first play. His collaborator, Mr. Lawrence, is the author of "Men Must Fight."

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